

He is old
and very concerned

but a certain flair is lacking
in the monotonous stripes
and the tigerish orange has gone
like old velvet ("please
consider also
I have not complained
unfairly...")

We look ahead
on our mimeo sheets
The Ring-Tailed Cat
has rickets
and looks more spirited.
In an adjacent cage he
nervously rehearses.

The tigers eyes are growing deep.
He coughs into the silence

and stares above our heads.

-- Harley Elliott

Syracuse, New York

On Reading HAWKWEED: Poems By Paul Goodman

I want you, Paul Goodman,
I want you.
Your naive hopes and vivid sadnesses.
I want the way you can feel
all that is immense around you,
and non-man, and then
relate beauty back to men,
confront them
and change them, not alter
nature. I want your securities,
for they are true and precious,
and I want you,
Paul,
because you are so vastly
honest and humane,
and very human.